

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 615.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1864.

VOL. XXIV. No. 16.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 822.]

On Thursday, March 1, 1792, Leopold, the Emperor, followed his brother Joseph "to the other side," as the Germans express it (*jenseits*), after an illness of but 36 hours. At the coronation of his successor, Francis I., as King of Bohemia and as Emperor of Germany,—the latter at Frankfurt, 14 July—Salieri again had the direction of the music, which consisted mainly of the same pieces, which had been performed on similar occasions two years before.

Changes in the direction of the opera and other causes occurred, which in succeeding years relieved Salieri from his duty of delivering an annual composition for the stage. Still the number of his works was largely increased. I shall content myself, and doubtless more than content most readers, by simply adding a chronological list of these works. The little that remains to be said of the quiet life, which for thirty-three years the composer led, mostly in Vienna, can then close the narrative.

1792. "*Catilina*," 2 acts, text by Abbate Casti, never performed. It was a tragi-comic work in which the chief comic character was, Marcus Tullius Cicero! One Italian wrote, another composed it; of course it was all right.

Salieri seems also in this year to have composed a part of Martin's "*Princesse de Babylone*," and to have gone on with the next work noted, viz:

1793. "*Il Mondo alla rovescia*," which he had formerly begun for Venice, under the title "*L'isola capricciosa*," 2 acts, brought out under the direction of Baron von Braun, Jan. 13, 1795. In this text men have the duties, cares, characters and feelings of women, and *vice versa*. The men are the blushing and modest objects of the stormy passion of the other sex. It proved a bad subject for the stage, and a failure.

1794. "*Eraclito e Democrito*," text by Gamera, 2 acts. Salieri calls this in his own papers, "*Operetta buffa filosofica*," a very good descriptive title for a work which presents the weeping and laughing philosophers. It was produced August 13, and had a fair run until superseded by

"*Palmyra*," "*opera eroica comica*;" in 2 acts, text by Gamera, drawn from the "*Le Princesse de Babylone*," sent to Salieri from Paris, as already noted. None of the music which he had composed to the French text was retained to the Italian words, for the same reasons which had led him to compose the "*Azur*" anew, when Joseph II. wished for the "*Tarare*." This was one of the master's most successful and famous works, and in 1803 was reproduced in the Theater an der Wien, revised and with alterations by him. It not only made the round of the German stage in Italian or in German translation, but in 1812 was brought out at Warsaw in the Polish language.

In this opera appears for the first time, so far as I know, or at least recollect, a vocal unaccompanied quartet, *Silenzio facciasi*, an effect made common enough since, but then a new and striking proof of the simple means by which true genius produces great effects. This was invariably repeated.

1796. For the annual concerts for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Vienna musicians, established by Gassmann in 1771, and especially to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Association, Salieri composed a cantata entitled "*La riconoscenza*," consisting of a chorus, recitative and air with concerted instruments. The vocalist was the composer's pupil, Gassmann's second daughter, Theresa. Salieri had taught her ten years gratis and had made her one of the ornaments of the Vienna stage. Not expecting, with his feeble frame, to live to see the 50th anniversary of the society, Salieri wrote at the end of this cantata:

"The author of this Cantata sends greeting and peace from the lap of eternity to that composer who shall write the Thanksgiving Cantata for the celebration of the half century, and to all who shall assist in the performances.

Vienna, 1796.

SALIERI."

His opera this year was "*Il Moro*," opera buffa, 2 acts, text by Gamera, performed August 7. It had some excellent numbers, but was no success. Orgone, the lover of the piece, sings always in falsetto, and is asked by the Moor why that? Orgone replies:

Ella sappia

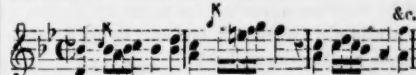
Che si danno fra noi certi spettacoli
Chiamati opere serie e che son veri
Mostri dell' arte. In esse,
Fur sempre i maschi amanti
Che dicono mille e mille cose tenere,
Per legge teatral di neutro genere.

[You must know that with us there is a kind of plays called *Opere Serie*, which are monsters of Art. In these it has always been the rule to have the lovers who say a thousand upon thousand of tender things, of the neuter gender.] So Orgone must sing falsetto in order to make love like the Eunuchs, who performed the heroes in Handel's and all the other Italian operas of his time and for long years after. A satire that hits also such parts as the lover in Rossini's "*Romeo and Juliet*," sung by women.

1797. "*I tre Filosofi*," also by Gamera, in which the systems of Pirro, Diogenes and Pythagoras appear in ludicrous contest, remained a fragment.

"*Falstaff*, ossia *le tre burle*," opera buffa, in 2 acts, text by Defranceschi. First performance Jan. 3d, 1798. Of course the subject is the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*." The overture is lively English contre-dance music, the cue being taken from the first words of the introduction: "*Por si torni di nuovo a ballar!*" (Then begin the dance anew.) In the opening scene Bar-dolph sits talking in his sleep, in a low monotone until the last note, which is very high and loud;

for Falstaff enters and gives him a punch in the ribs at that point to wake him. It is curious that one of the airs is in German—sung by Mistress Ford ("Ah, the men—I know them well!") No. 3 is a duet: "*La stessa la stessissima*."



Ten variations upon which, by Ludwig van Beethoven, are advertised in the Vienna *Zeitung* of March 2d, two months after the first performance of the opera.

A still greater compliment from the same source was paid him a few months later. That proud, impetuous young genius, moving in the higher circles of Vienna society, among princes and counts of the empire, as an equal with equals, the dedications of whose works thus far,—except a few of minor importance, and the Sonatas dedicated to Haydn—had been to kings, princes and persons of noble birth, published his *opus* 12, with the following title: "*Tre Sonate per il clavicembalo o Forte-Piano, con un Violino, Composte e dedicate al Sig. Antonio Salieri, primo Maestro di capella della Corte Imperiale di Vienna, &c., &c., dal Sig. Luigi van Beethoven, Opera 12. A Vienna, Presso Antonia e Comp.*" Beethoven had been studying dramatic composition with Salieri, and this dedication was a pure mark of esteem and gratitude—it was really a compliment.

1799. Two cantatas: "*Der Tiroler Landsturm*," in German, and "*La riconoscenza dei Tirolesi*," in Italian, composed for the benefit of the suffering Tyrolese, and performed at a grand concert in Vienna, belong to this year; as also a Mass, with *Graduale*, *Offertorium* and *Te Deum*, all in double chorus, intending for performance on occasion of the declaration of peace with the French republic; but as the piece was not concluded, the music was for the time laid aside.

1800. "*Cesare in Farmacusa*," opera eroi-comica, 2 acts, text by Defranceschi, was produced June 2, successfully. Among his notes upon this work is one which Mosel cites. There is a bass air in the first act in which Tullo laments the danger of starving; "the air is comic for the reason," writes the composer, "that when the comic actor weeps upon the stage, the audience must laugh."

"*Angiolina*, ossia *il matrimonio per sussuro*," opera buffa, 2 acts, text by Defranceschi, produced October 22, had some success through the excellent music, though the text was almost beneath criticism.

1801. "*Annibale in Capua*," Opera Seria, 2 acts, text by Advocate Sagrafi, composed at, and for the opening of the new theatre in Trieste. It was successful there, but nowhere else does it appear to have been put upon the stage, and for a very good reason; Salieri had of course to accommodate his music to the powers of his singers, and the leading character was written for a *Castrato*, as in olden times was so common. Think of the mighty Hannibal, quavering and roulading in soprano!

From Trieste the composer was to have gone on to Venice; but the prospect of peace and the wish to conduct his double choruses, at the celebration of it, was stronger than his desire to earn money or laurels by so every-day a matter as composing an opera. On arriving in Vienna he found a new invitation to Paris awaiting him, with the first act of a text ("*Les Troyennes*," by R. Bernard); but this he also declined.

1802. "*La bella selvaggia*," opera in 2 acts, text by Bertati, not brought out. The subject was not that of the Ballet "*Das Waldmädchen*," (girl of the forest), a theme from which was varied by Beethoven, and of the opera by Weber, but a wild girl supposed to be found by the Spaniards on an American island.

"*Die Neger*" (the Negros), a heroic-comic German opera, two acts, text by Friedrich Treitschke, first given in the Theater an der Wien, Nov. 10, 1804, on the stage, where one year later Beethoven's "*Fidelio*" met such ill success.

Cantata for Archduke Ferdinand, prepared in anticipation of the delivery of the archduchess. As both mother and child died (Sept. 19, 1802) of course the piece was not performed.

1803. Overture, entr' acts and choruses to Kotzebue's "*The Hussites before Naumburg*," a noble work of the stamp of Beethoven's "*Egmont*" music.

"*Gesù al limbo*," sacred cantata by Prividali, composed for the Empress, and sung at the palace. The overture—or rather symphony—was a piece of programme music, which, for its ludicrous want of intelligibility, unless heard with a running commentary before the eyes, would do honor to any of the great lights of the so-called "new school" composers. This piece of music was intended to depict the entire life of Jesus in tones. Accordingly in Salieri's score may be read, often to passages of not more than four to eight bars of music, such notes as these: "*Gesù in mezzo di dottori*," (Jesus in the midst of the doctors); "*Arrestamento di Gesù*," (Arrest of Jesus); "*Viene interrogato*" (his examination) &c.

1804. "*Requiem*" Mass, composed for performance at his own funeral obsequies, whenever they might take place.

On the 8th December Salieri had the satisfaction of conducting the Mass for double chorus, composed five years before. It was given upon occasion of the celebration of the adoption by Francis I. of the title of Emperor of Austria.

1805. "*Habsburg*." This was a long poem of a historic-allegoric character, with no variety of rhythm, and merely divided into stanzas, not intended for music,—but as an offering to the new Emperor of Austria. The author, Ferdinand von Geramb, it seems, formed the plan of arranging a national festival the next year, at which his poem should be sung as a Cantata. But hardly was the music ready, when the question came up, whether an Austrian nation was to exist. October 17, Ulm capitulated to the French army; on the 30th Bernadotte entered Salzburg, and on Nov. 16, Murat marched into Vienna. Beethoven's "*Fidelio*" was given to an audience mainly of French,—but Salieri's Cantata in praise of the Habsburgs, it is hardly necessary to add, was laid upon the shelf. It was of course no loss to the musical world.

Another Mass, and church pieces suited to the times—a *Miserere*, a *De profundis*, a *Salvum fac populum*, &c., employed Salieri's pen during the last half of this year.

At this point Mosel gives a summary of Salieri's other compositions down to this time. They were, an organ concerto, 1775; two piano-forte concertos, 1778; one for violin, oboe and violoncello, 1774; a symphony, 1776; five serenatas for various instruments; 40 canons for three voices—"all written," says Salieri, "during my walks or when in the company of musicians or amateurs, who could sing them on the spot"—more than a hundred vocal pieces, for church, theatre or the private circle; twenty-eight vocal pieces with piano-forte accompaniment, and various smaller matters. A collection containing twenty-five of those canons (*a tre voci*) and a terzette was published in 1815, with the title "*Scherzi armonici Vocali*."

(To be continued.)

History of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts.

II.

MENDELSSOHN. 1835-47.

Rightly to appreciate what Mendelssohn did for the Gewandhaus Concerts—and through them for the general propagation of better ideas of what musical performances should be—we ought to know in what state they were when the bâton was put into his hand.

Up to that time, the Kapellmeister conducted only those compositions in which voices, whether solo or choral, took part; all other works were directed by the Concertmeister, i. e., the leader of the violins. A certain mechanical, jog-trot kind of correctness had been acquired; where a forte stood, the band played loud, and where a piano, softly; but graduation of light and shade, intelligent phrasing, all that gives poetical charm to a performance, were unknown ideas. Warmly as Mendelssohn speaks of the orchestra when he entered upon his duties, its excellence was but comparative; for I am told as a positive fact by one who can speak with authority, that at that time only two, or perhaps three, of the violinists could play at all decently; but one tenorist could be depended upon, as also but one violoncellist. The members of the orchestra, who had also to play in the church services and in the theatre, were miserably paid; and therefore took the first opportunity of obtaining a more profitable post.

Such was the state of things, when in January, 1835, Mendelssohn, at that time Kapellmeister at Düsseldorf, was invited to take the direction. His letters to Herr Schleinitz in reply deserve to be printed in letters of gold, so noble, so unselfish, in short, such a gentleman do they show him to have been.

The first concert under Mendelssohn's direction took place on the 4th October, 1835. I cannot do better than translate some passages from a letter to his family written two days after the concert. "I cannot tell you how satisfied I am with this commencement, and with the whole way in which my position here begins. It is a quiet, orderly business position; one sees that the institution has existed for fifty-six years; and with this the people seem to be well inclined and friendly to me and my music. The orchestra is very good, thoroughly musical, and I fancy in half a year it will be still better; for with what love and affection do these people receive them—that was quite touching in the two rehearsals we have at present had; there was always a difference, as if another orchestra played. There are still some deficiencies in the *personnel*, but they will probably be remedied by degrees, and I believe I may anticipate a series of very agreeable evenings and good performances. I wish you could have heard the introduction to my '*Calm at Sea*,' with which the concert commenced; both in the room and in the orchestra there was a quiet, so that the finest tone could be heard, and they played the whole adagio quite masterly; less so the allegro, where they had hitherto been accustomed to slower time, and would always drag; but the

end again, where the four-four time *ff* begins, was magnificently done; the fiddles went at it with a fury, that I was regularly frightened, and *Publicus* was delighted. The following pieces, aria in *E* major, by Weber, Spohr's violin concerto, and introduction to *Ali Baba* went less well; one rehearsal was not sufficient, and they were sometimes unsteady; but the *B* flat symphony of Beethoven, which filled up the second part, succeeded gloriously, and the Leipzigers shouted after each movement. There was an attention and an eagerness (*Spannung*) in the whole orchestra, such as I have never seen greater; they looked out like *Schiessvögel* (birds to be shot at), as Zelter would have said. After the concert I received and made, in the orchestra, a mass of congratulations; first, the orchestra; then the Thomanders (who are famous lads, they take up their parts so punctually, and sing out so well, that I have promised them an order); then came Moscheles, with a whole train of *dilettanti*; then two musical journals, and so on." A few months later, he writes to his sister:—"The whole orchestra, which has some very excellent men, seeks to anticipate my every wish, and has made the most remarkable progress in delicacy and style, and is so devoted to me, that it often affects me."

No wonder that every member of the orchestra loved him, for though he passed over no fault, he corrected with so much justice and kindness, never hurting anyone's self-respect, and showed so friendly an interest in each individual, that they could not but be devoted to him. Some of them still speak with tears in their eyes of the kind glance with which he would nod at them, when they had successfully mastered any particularly difficult passage.

Nor did he let his kindness end in words or nods. Twice, at his express and urgent representations, did the Town Council increase the salaries of the members of the orchestra.

Just as considerate, too, was Mendelssohn to the composers whose works were performed, and to the artists who appeared, in the concerts. No trouble was too great to insure them a favorable hearing. His warm-hearted endeavors to set Liszt right with the public, when the latter were offended by some unusual financial arrangements made by the great pianist's agent, are but a specimen of his way of acting. His letters to composers who could not be present at the performance of their works, show how cordially he rejoiced at their success, and at the same time was so truthfully loyal, and so modest in pointing out any imperfections. That these letters have been published is as honorable to those who received them, as to him who wrote them.

The resignation, from ill-health, of Matthäi, soon after Mendelssohn's appointment, gave him the opportunity of bringing Herr Ferdinand David to Leipzig as Concertmeister. By a strange coincidence this consummate artist was born in the same house in Hamburg, in which Mendelssohn himself in the previous year first saw the light. It is scarcely too much to say, without such a prime minister, even Mendelssohn himself could hardly have brought the orchestra to such perfection.

It was also at Mendelssohn's invitation that Herr Niels Gade came to Leipzig, so delighted had he been with the first symphony of the young Danish composer. Dr. Bennett's early compositions were also performed in the early part of his directorate. His reign was also remarkable for the great number of English lady singers who appeared at the concerts. We find the names of Clara Novello, Shaw, Birch, Lincoln and Dolby.

There is one remarkable omission in the "*Mendelssohn letters*." It was during Mendelssohn's conductorship that several of Schumann's compositions were brought out in the Gewandhaus. That he did not like all Schumann's works is true; but it is equally true that he greatly admired some of them, and that he expressed his admiration in letters to his friends; some of these were laid before the editors when the letters were being prepared for publication—but yet no trace of them appears. There is a littleness in this, of which Mendelssohn himself had not one atom

in his nature, and which he would have been the first to condemn.

Space would fail me, were I to record all that Mendelssohn did for the Gewandhaus, and for music in Leipzig. The visits of the King of Saxony to the concerts, and the influence which Mendelssohn thus gained with him, led to the establishment of the Conservatory box: one of his greatest services was the way in which he educated his audience. At that time, the tickets were not transferable, and although the places were not reserved, each subscriber was always to be found in the one place. It was almost like a large family party, and Mendelssohn was the head of the house. His cordiality and appreciativeness were contagious, and the audience rejoiced when they could applaud a new name or a new work, and thus give an encouragement to those who had not yet had an opportunity of making a name. The affection between the audience and the Kapellmeister showed itself in a hundred ways. Let one serve for an example. At the last concert before Mendelssohn's marriage, the finale of "*Fidelio*" had been performed. The applause which bade him farewell, seemed as if it would never cease. With a countenance beaming with happiness, Mendelssohn sat down to the piano to play his thanks. He chose that theme to the finale, to which belong the words:—

"Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
Mische seinen Jubel ein,"

and made it the subject of the most brilliant and touching variations. Of course the applause was more enthusiastic than ever.

From 1841 to 1845, Mendelssohn was generally residing in Berlin, whither the King of Prussia had called him with the hope of finding some fitting employment for him. During his absence his place was supplied by the Herren David, Ferdinand Hiller, and Gade. In 1845 he returned to Leipzig, and alternately with Gade conducted the concerts till Easter 1847, when ill health obliged him to resign.

The season 1847-1848, was conducted by Gade. Its commencement was clouded by the death of Mendelssohn, which occurred on the 4th November, the very evening upon which a concert should have taken place, but which was of course postponed when it was known that the beloved master was dying. The following concert on the 11th was devoted to his memory. The first part was selected from his own compositions, and included Luther's Prayer—*Verleih uns Frieden*;—overture to *Melusine*, Eichendorff's *Nachlied*, "*Vergangen ist der lichte Tag*," composed with special reference to his sister Fanny's death—the "*Nunc Dimittis*" from the English evening service, written in the previous summer, and the overture to "*St. Paul*." The second part consisted of Beethoven's "*Eroica*." A hard task it was for the performers to master their feelings. It was a solemnity never to be forgotten by those who were present.

My letter has gone to a greater extent than I first anticipated. I therefore reserve the little that yet remains to be said till next week.—*Corr. Lond. Orchestra.*

Mozart's "Magic Flute."

Beethoven pronounced the *Zauberflöte* the masterpiece of Mozart, which goes far to substantiate what has been often asserted, and as often denied, that the composer of *Fidelio* was jealous of the reputation of the composer of *Don Juan*. Without presuming to offer an opinion on so delicate a point—without wishing to pry into the inward depths of the heart of Beethoven, or to arraign human nature on the plea that the greatest and most gifted have the failings of the weakest—we may state, without reserve, that so far as a close acquaintance with the dramatic writings of Mozart can entitle us to judge, the opera of *Die Zauberflöte*, viewed as a whole, appears not comparable to *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, or even to *Idomeneo*, a much earlier effort. That the score is crowded with beauties—that the melodies are abundant, fresh, and genuine—that the fact of having a tale of enchantment to set to music conducted Mozart into another world, where the inexhaustible fertility of his invention was triumphantly demonstrated, cannot be denied. But several causes militated against the possibility of the *Zauberflöte* (any more than the *Clemenza di Tito*, its inferior, which was composed almost at the same

time) being one of the greatest and most perfect works of its author. The circumstances under which it was written were unfavorable. Emanuel Schikaneder, the manager of one of the Vienna theatres, an old companion of Mozart's, when on the brink of ruin, prevailed on the great musician to promise him an opera in which the frivolous tastes of the majority of the *habitués* of his establishment should be in some measure consulted. Schikaneder himself wrote the book, and though the task was very unwelcome to Mozart, who was uncompromising in all that concerned his art, he undertook to save his friend. How this kindness of heart was repaid by the basest ingratitude, is well known. Mozart never received a florin for the music of *Zauberflöte*, although the opera met with great success and revived the fortunes of the theatre. Schikaneder (who was also the original Papageno) disposed of copies of the score to the directors of other theatres, and appropriated to himself what it had been agreed should be the only remuneration for the time and pains Mozart had bestowed upon it. During the progress of the composition Mozart was suffering under constant ill health, and forebodings of his approaching end were incessantly tormenting him. But worst of all, the book of Schikaneder is little better than a farrago of absurdities, which no genius, however transcendent, could possibly succeed in elevating to serious interest. A brief sketch of the plot may help to substantiate this assertion. Sarastro, high priest of the temple of Isis, is desirous of educating Pamina, daughter of Astriflamme, Queen of Night, in the faith and mysteries of the true religion. To carry out his purpose he has her conveyed away secretly from her mother's custody. Tamino, Prince of Egypt, is enamoured of Pamina, and tracing her to the temple of Isis becomes a novice in the mysteries, in the hopes of regaining possession of the object of his love. To test the constancy of his nature, Sarastro, a very well meaning personage for a priest of Isis, condemns him to a temporary separation from Pamina, and causes him to undergo sundry ordeals by which his truth and courage may be established. Pamina is condemned to similar trials. Both come out victorious, and in spite of the arts of the Queen of Night, who, burning with the desire of vengeance against Sarastro for having robbed her of her daughter, attempts to persuade Pamina to kill him and steal his crown, the lovers are found worthy of Isis and of each other. The comic action is divided between Papageno, a bird catcher, who follows Tamino in his adventures, and Monostatos, the chief of the slaves of Sarastro, a traitor who betrays his trust and endeavors to seduce Pamina. As a safeguard, Tamino is provided with a magic flute, by means of which he is enabled to give alarm and summon aid in case of danger. Hence, it is needless to add, the name of the opera—*Die Zauberflöte*. Papageno is also gifted with an instrument of music, which, when played upon, turns anger into mirth and sets everybody dancing. The effect which Mozart has made out of this, in the *finale* to the first act, where the famous tune, *O dolce concerto*, is introduced, must be well-remembered by all who have seen the opera. The other personages of the drama are three attendants on the Queen of Night, three good genii (boys of the temple, in the German *libretto*) in the interest of Sarastro; an old woman, who afterwards becomes Papagena, the wife of Papageno, Domofonte, an orator, styled "initiated," who plays a part in the second act, into the secret of which the audience is not initiated; Oronte, a priest; and two men in armor, whose precise business is inexplicable.

Out of such materials it would have been strange if an interesting story had been constructed. Schikaneder could not do it, with Mozart to assist him, as the result shows. While the first act at least verges on the intelligible, the second would require an Iamblichus (not translated by a Taylor) to explain. Genii of either sex, priests, slaves, monsters, armed men, orators, and lions are mingled in happy confusion. The real signification may possibly have something to do with the mysteries of Isis and Osiris; to the multitude it is "caviare," and sets comment at defiance. Goethe, the poet, nevertheless, wrote what he called a second part of *Zauberflöte*, one of the least generally read of his works. Our intention is not to enter into a critical analysis of an opera which, composed for a German stage in 1791, is at the present moment (60 years after) brought out in an Italian Opera as a certain means of profit. Moreover the music, thanks to its beauty and variety, is familiar as "household words." The short pieces have enjoyed an unchanging popularity in the concert room, and are known to amateurs as well as musicians. The overture, the most learned and admirable of all Mozart's orchestral preludes, is probably the finest ever composed. Mozart would seem to have written it to console himself for those ephemeral portions of the opera which he was persuaded by Schikaneder to

write and rewrite, until Schikaneder was satisfied. It is a regular feast of counterpoint; but the beauty and sublimity of the ideas, and the exceeding clearness of their development, take away all vestige of pedantry. The *chorale*, or *canto fermo*, in C minor, for the two armed men, in the *finale* to the second act, is also an elaborate and majestic composition, the fugal accompaniment in the orchestra betraying the hand of the consummate master. In opposition to these grand pieces we may cite the first air of Papageno, the birdcatcher; the duet between him and Pamina; and, in short, all the music in which Papageno is concerned, as among the lightest music Mozart has produced—although, on the other hand, extremely lively and pretty. But, as a counterbalance, there are many passages in *Zauberflöte* which discover neither the beauty of melody, nor the prodigious science, nor the lofty and passionate expression, for which the dramatic music of Mozart is generally remarkable. The march, with the flute solo, when Pamina and Tamino are passing through the ordeals of fire and water, with another flute solo near the opening of the first *finale*, are absolutely trivial, and are evident proofs of Mozart's contempt for the excessive absurdity of the situation. Wherever opportunities for dramatic effect present themselves, Mozart, as usual, has availed himself of them in a masterly manner. A striking example of this is found in the introduction to the first act, where Tamino is pursued by a serpent, and saved by the intervention of the three attendants of the Queen of Night. Of the passionate declamatory music—a style in which Mozart has never been surpassed and rarely equalled—there are several fine specimens in *Zauberflöte*, among which are the *largo* of the first air of the Queen of Night (in G minor), the song of Pamina (in the same key), and the exquisite quartet in E flat, at the commencement of the second *finale*, for Pamina and the three boys of the Temple. The power of endowing each of his characters with a distinct and well-sustained individuality, so noticeable in *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, is scarcely less remarkable in *Zauberflöte*. The solemnity of the music given Sarastro and the priests of Isis is wonderfully contrasted with the reckless levity of that of Papageno; while between the *bravura* songs of the Queen of Night (from the profuse employment of the highest notes of the register, destined, no doubt, for some exceptional voice) and the music of Pamina, the difference is equally well maintained. Even in the trios for the female attendants of the Queen of Night, and those for the boys of the Temple of Isis, the concert is preserved with scarcely less felicity; and it must be noticed that the separate characteristics are set forth quite as strongly in *morceaux d'ensemble* as in solos, duets, and airs, where of course, its exhibition would be comparatively easy. If we would refer to isolated pieces, we need only point to the beautiful air, in E flat, of Tamino, *O cara immagine*; the merry little song of Papageno, *Gente è qui l'uccellatore*, one of the most sparkling tunes ever written; recitative and air of the Queen of Night, (in B flat,) *Infelice consolato*, with its pathetic *adagio* and extraordinary passages of *bravura*; the song of Monostatos, the chief slave, to which the sparing employment of the *contrabasso*, and the incessant reiteration of semi-quavers, impart a special character; the second, and by far the grandest, air of the Queen of Night, *Gli angui d'inferno* (in D minor), in which a mother's curse is conveyed with such terrible power, while the unnatural strain upon the higher notes of the voice in the last movement is overlooked in the belief that the personage and the situation is unnatural; and last, not least, the solemn and magnificent air of Sarastro (in E) *Qui s'odegno*, which the efforts of all the bass singers, bad, good, and indifferent, for the last half century have failed to render commonplace or hackneyed. This song is an apostrophe to Peace, and music never spoke in language more tranquil, expressive, and sublime. The air in G minor of Pamina, *Ah lo so*, stands alone in pathetic loveliness, and we have therefore separated it from the rest, as incomparable with anything else. Among the best concerted pieces we may include the *morceaux d'ensemble* for the three attendants of the Queen of Night, and those for the three boys of the Temple, which only differ in character, not in degree of beauty. The first *finale*, though very long and varied, is not to be named in the same breath with the *finales* to *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*; but the second is full of musical beauties, and were it not for the ineffective march of the action, which necessitates so many changes and full closes, would be exceptional. The opening quartet and concluding chorals, both in E flat, are both exquisite in their way. The two quintets are ingenious and interesting pieces of concerted music; but that in the first act (in B flat), where Papageno begins to sing with the padlock on his mouth, is by far the most beautiful. The little duet, in E flat, *La dove prende amor ricetto*, is as simple and

popular a tune as, *O dolce concerto*, and has as long been the property of the *orgues de Barbarie* and other instruments of street harmony. Its melody will be recognized by the initiated as the "Manly Heart." To the introduction of the first act we have already alluded, as to one of the finest and most dramatic pieces. The instrumentation of the whole opera is masterly, transparent and gorgeously colored. Among the effects peculiarly impressive, we may note the use of the trombones in the opening overture, and in the beginning of the second act; the sparing manner in which these solemn instruments (too often made the representatives of mere noise by composers) are employed throughout, is worthy of attention. As in *Don Giovanni* the trombones are only brought in when the statue of the Commendatore appears, so in *Zauberflöte* they are (after the overture) entirely confined to the music of the priests; and we cannot commend those who, violating Mozart's intention, for the sake of an imaginary increase of power or brilliancy, force them into other parts of the score, and deprive them of their individuality in the points where the composer has himself introduced them. Without entering into further detail, however, we may bring this rapid sketch to a close by repeating, that though the opera of *Zauberflöte* contains some of the best, it also contains some of the least admirable music of Mozart, and therefore cannot justly be cited as the *chef d'œuvre*. What is feeble or trivial, however, we readily lay to the stupidity of Schikaneder and the libretto; while that which is great and beautiful springs exclusively from the immortal genius of the composer.—*London Times*, July 11, 1851.

To the above very fair musical appreciation we add here a deeper insight into what is most Mozartish in this opera, from the pen of Mozart's Russian biographer, OULIBICHEF. It is an extract from his analysis of the entire opera, piece by piece, which may be found translated in an earlier volume of this journal.

Let us see if there be not some way of discovering another meaning in this work; another cause, which may have created this miraculous score; in a word, a thought, which we can admit without slandering Schikaneder.

Mozart, when he undertook to compose the *Zauberflöte*, had but a few months to live. His strength was so enfeebled, that he had frequent fits of fainting while he wrote. And yet he works away incessantly upon this opera, which seems to have interested him very greatly, in spite of all there was about it that would have repelled another. During this time that fateful messenger, the man who ordered the *Requiem*, presents himself. For whom is this mysterious order? And the dread voice, which spoke so often to the predestined man, replied: for thyself! From that time forward the thought of poison, which he believed that he had taken, gained more and more possession of him, hastening his end.

Already very weak, with one foot in the grave, Mozart could no longer, as in former times, yield himself up to the storm of sensual inclination. He was no longer the Mozart of *Don Giovanni*. On the other hand, it is nothing strange in youthful invalids, for the emotions of love to grow more intense while they grow purer; reaching a higher pitch of spirituality and poesy, with the increase of physical exhaustion. When this decline has gone so far that the poor sufferer has little hope, then the love which lacks the power of earthly gratification, fondly takes refuge in the realm of memory; it takes on the colors of that magical prism, through which we contemplate the past; it runs through one by one all the elegiac chords of the minor tones of the soul; and when the unalterable order of the psychological modulation has finally brought back a major harmony, the love streams back to its source. It awakens mysterious images; it announces itself in inextinguishable presentiments; it becomes religion and religious poesy; the worship and the aspiration for the unknown Beautiful.

I think there is no one among my musical readers who will not feel, to what a degree the character of *Zauberflöte* harmonizes with the moral phenomena, whose origin and consequences, I have recalled. But such analogies could not have made themselves apparent in a piece of theatrical music, had not the libretto afforded an occasion, or at least here and there a pretext, for it. Whether it did or not we will now proceed to examine.

In this medley of unconnected scenes, which the poet had invented just to occupy the eyes, there had crept in almost providentially some common-places of feeling, some of those lyrical thoughts, which in their abstraction or their universality suffice to lend to vocal music the coloring and expression

that are most favorable for it. With these common-places a man of genius can always produce beautiful, true, expressive, and even sublime songs; but for the great effects, on the contrary, which belong exclusively to dramatic music, such mere lyrical moments do not suffice, unless they are introduced and motivated by the progress of the drama, and are pushed to a certain degree of energy by means of the characters and situations.

Let us see, then, what kind of lyrical common-places we find scattered here and there in both acts of this opera. If we examine closely, we may assure ourselves that they are nearly all based on religious and elegiac feelings. Lament and reverie, a regret of the past and a mystical longing are expressed in them. A pure accident in this work of folly, we admit. But let us collect these scattered thoughts, and we shall see them, to our great surprise, all gather round a sort of symbolic focus, which will reflect back to us, trait for trait, the image of the man who had to recognize himself therein. Even the text, flat as it is, seems to be almost always an allusion to the moral state of the composer:

Des Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön.
This portrait is enchanting fair.
(Tenor Aria.)

One of the sweetest spots of refuge for a sick imagination is the remembrance of the days of youth, to which the text carried back our hero, those days when the yet virgin heart pursued an image, the type whereof the eyes have never seen, and of which the fancy alone in some of those inspired moments of clairvoyance had dreamed.

Zur Ziele führt Dich diese Bahn.
This path conducts thee to the goal.
(Finale of the first act.)

Mozart stood at the end of his career; he saw the goal before him; the grave within a few steps, present; in the future an immortal glory.

Ja, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden.
Yes, I feel that it has vanished!
(Aria of Papageno.)

Yes, I feel that it is all over with me! Is not this the mournful theme, out of which all the musician's thoughts at that time flowed, and into which they all ran back?

In other passages religious thoughts and feelings found for their outpouring texts of a truly Christian savor, such as one is justly astonished at in a libretto of this sort.

Sarastro invokes the protection of the gods for those who hover on the brink of death; then he continues:

Noch sollten sie zu Grabe gehn.
So lohnt der Tugend kühnen Lauf;
Nehmt sie in euren Wohnsitz auf!
[But must they go down to the grave,
Reward their virtuous brave career
And take them to your purer sphere!]
(Invocation to Isis and Osiris.)

As Tamino is led before the mysterious gates, which open only once for the initiated, we hear:

Wenn er des Todes Schrecken überwinden kann,
Schwingt er sich aus der Erde himmelan
[If he victorious o'er Death's terrors rise,
So shall he soar from earth up to the skies.]
(Finale of second act.)

The power of harmony, which the Magic Flute represents, conducts the aspirants through the ways of darkness into which they have ventured:

Wir wandeln, durch des Tones Macht,
Froh durch des Todes düst're Nacht.
[We walk by Tone's controlling night
Rejoicing through Death's dark night.]
(Finale of second act.)

At the beginning of this same finale the Three Boys announce the dawn of a new day and the bliss of the initiated:

Dann ist die Erd' ein Himmelsreich
Und Sterblichen den Göttern gleich.
[Then is the earth a heaven of love,
And mortals like the gods above.]

Here Mozart, doubly inspired by texts so purely musical in themselves, and bearing such a wonderful affinity to the state of his own soul, has shown himself entirely like himself. This is what speaks to us so eloquently at the present day and, with a few other pieces favored by analogous texts, shines with immortal lustre in the score. The comic and tragic features of the subject, that is to say the action, the drama itself, sink more or less into the background, and we see in them to-day the weak parts of the work. One might say with truth, then, that this is the least dramatic of the operas of Mozart, since its most salient scenes are nearly all attached to moral situations, which may properly enough present themselves as episodes in a drama, but should not make up the whole work essentially. The drama requires action and acting passion. But what is the style of the

greatest scenes in the *Zauberflöte*? It is that of Oratorio, and sometimes even the high church style, in all the grandeur and severity of its old forms.

Here at length we find the thought which fructifies the poem, and has extorted such a wonderful harvest from the most unfruitful and apparently uncultivable soil. This thought, concealed essentially from everybody but Mozart, was evidently the initiation, not indeed into the mysteries of Isis or of free-masonry, but into the mysteries which every dying Christian beholds behind the half-opened gates of the grave; Sarastro and his priests are true priests in the score; and the magic instrument, the flute, is it not the very symbol of music's unspoken and intuitive revelation of objects beyond the grave, of revelations, whose weight Mozart surely must have felt better than any other.

Music Abroad.

A NEW SCHOOL FESTIVAL (CONCLUDED.)

CARLSRUHE.—The correspondent of the *London Orchestra* concludes his report as follows:—

"The result of the mutiny was that the second Chamber Music Concert had to be given this evening. The programme comprised the following numbers: sonata for pianoforte and violin by F. Kiel of Berlin—Frau and Herr Langhaus of Hamburg; Goethe's "Mignon" song ("Kennst du das Land?") by Liszt—Frau Hauser; sonata for the pianoforte by the late Julius Renbke, a pupil of Liszt—Herr Otto Renbke of Hausneindorf; grand duet for two violins on Schubert's "Divertissement à la Hongroise," by E. Reményi—the composer and his pupil Ferdinand Potényi; trio for pianoforte, violin, and viola, by Ernst Naumann of Jena—the Herren Pfuglhaupt of Aix-la-Chapelle, Reményi, and Seyfriz of Löwenburg; two songs by Liszt, "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein," and "In Liebeslust"—Herr Hauser; Chopin's polonaise in C sharp minor, transcribed for the violin, and fantasia on themes from the Huguenots, composed and played by Herr E. Reményi; grand duet for two pianos by F. Liszt—the Herren Bendel and Pfuglhaupt. Herr Kiel's sonata was the only piece of music approaching respectability. That it was good would be too much to say; but there were really some appreciable ideas in it, some approach to grace. Possibly had it been less tamely played it might have made a better impression. Mignon's song has been composed over and over again. To enjoy Liszt's version of it one must have become used to his way of song writing. When this is the case, the charm of this song is very great, the depth of longing it expresses is almost painful. Frau Hauser's singing of it was admirable. Less to my taste were the other songs. The better of the two is "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein." Herr Hauser is not so good a singer as his wife. Herr Julius Renbke's sonata is as utterly ugly as can be imagined. That Herr Otto Renbke, who has a considerable amount of mechanical power, should wish to make his late brother's work known to the public is very natural, for affection may bias any judgment; but that the directors should have allowed such a composition to be inflicted upon an audience admits of no excuse. Herr Reményi's violin duet on Schubert's divertissement is good so long as he contents himself with literally transcribing the original theme; but as soon as he writes from himself it is so poor, so irrelevant to the original composition that the new matter is but a deformity. The same remarks apply to his "Huguenot" fantasia; the polonaise is merely a transcription. His playing was as much out of tune as in the other concerts. A few passages were well given, but the whole was most unartistic. Being re-called, he gave the Rakoczy March in a style more suited for the vulgarity of a fair than for an assembly of artists who profess to judge so severely, but whose applause was now so rapturous. In the duet Herr Reményi was assisted by his pupil Ferdinand Potényi, a youth with a most winning and modest countenance. At present he has learnt but little; nor, I fear, is much progress to be looked for under such a master. Herr Naumann's trio showed an inordinate bias to all the worst parts of Schumann's character. The performance was most slovenly; so insufficient had been the preparation that in the last movement there was a complete break down. The duet for two pianos was an addition to the original programme, and one which might have been well dispensed with. It must have been written in an unlucky moment, for not one flash of genius illumines it.

The second Orchestral Concert was held on Friday evening, the programme having been purged of Herr Freudenberg's most wonderful setting of a dramatic scene from an opera by Herr Lohmann, which had been the main cause of the rebellion, and of which it

would be difficult to say whether the words or the music were the most crazy. In the early part of the week it had been announced that Herr Kiel's piano-forte concerto was to be sacrificed, and that a concerto for the same instrument by Herr Bendel was to be substituted for it; but not even the latter was given. As finally settled the programme stood as follows:—March to Waldow's historical drama "*Maria of Hungary*," by Heinrich Gottwald, of Breslau; Reverie and Caprice for violin, by Berlioz—(Herr Concertmeister Kömpell of Weimar); Uhland's poem "*Gesang der Nonnen*," for soli and female chorus, with piano and horn accompaniment, by Herr Adolf Jensen of Königsberg; Overture by Max Seifriz of Löwenburg; "*Mephistowalzer*," episode from Lenau's "*Faust*," by Liszt; two piano solos. Concert-Etude in flat minor, Bendel, and Rapsodie Hongroise, Liszt—(Herr Franz Bendel of Berlin); Wedding Music, to Hebbel's "*Nibelungen*," by Otto Bach of Mayence; Uhland's "*Bräutlied*," (Das Haus benedict ich), for tenor solo, chorus, harp, and two horns, by A. Jensen; "*Festklänge*," a "symphonic poem," by Liszt. Herr Gottwald's March has nothing in it to excite any interest. Herr Kömpell disappointed me; from having heard him in Leipzig I knew that he was an excellent player, but upon the present occasion he was not successful; the fault may have partly been in the piece he selected, which was anything but inspiring. Since the festival, I have heard an anecdote in connection with this Reverie, too characteristic to be suppressed. Some five and twenty years ago, Berlioz visited Leipzig; at Mendelssohn's suggestion, a concert was given in his honor in the Gewandhaus. Among the works selected was this Reverie and Caprice, which was intrusted to one of the greatest of German violinists, who still lives to tell the tale. After the piece was finished, there was, of course, the most enthusiastic applause; the player turned round to Mendelssohn, and whispered, "I am glad enough that I have got through it, for I never had such a task in my life. I have not the remotest idea, what I have been playing, or what the piece can be about?" Scarcely were the words out of the bewildered fiddler's mouth, when Berlioz rushed up to Mendelssohn, exclaiming: "Never have I heard my composition so divinely rendered! Never have I heard an artist who has so completely caught my meaning, and so wonderfully interpreted it!" Those who knew Mendelssohn can picture for themselves the quizzical look which he threw at the astonished fiddler. Herr Jensen's choral compositions were below mediocrity, and are thoroughly unvocal. It is a sin so to maltreat Uhland's lovely "*Bräutlied*." Herr Seifriz's overture is as pretentious as is ineffective. He has chosen for his motto a verse of Eckardt's ending,

"Denn aus Nacht und Dunkel bricht
 Wolken scheuend stolz das Licht!"

Night, gloom, and clouds are there in abundance, but of light not one solitary ray is to be found. An appearance of science is sought to be given by the distribution of the themes, and the working them out in different parts. It is an easy thing to put a theme now in the upper part, now in the lower or middle, or to force different subjects together; the difficulty is to do this so that the whole sounds well, and that no violence is done to the ear. In this Herr Seifriz has not succeeded. Liszt's "*Mephistowalzer*," the transcription of which for the piano had proved so ugly, was more interesting in its original form; beauty is not to be looked for in such a subject. There is a wierd colouring, a demoniacal wildness—which carry one away for a time; but whether such nightmare music can be healthy, is quite another matter. Herr Bendel's Concert Etude is not characteristic enough to call for remark; his playing of it and of Liszt's Rapsodie was very unequal; amid much that was unsatisfactory, some passages were admirable. Bach's Wedding Music to the "*Nibelungen*" would be fitter to celebrate an encounter of savages. Liszt's "*Festklänge*" are a strange mixture of beauty and chaos. Some of the orchestral combinations are masterly, and they are themes of real beauty. But no work of art can be complete without form and symmetry. Dr. Liszt was enthusiastically called for after each of his works; the winning grace with which he bowed his acknowledgments is but the expression of the power of captivation which he exercises on all who approach him. Not light is the debt of the new school to his personal influence.

Considering the strangeness of the works performed, and the difficulties occasioned by their perverse impracticabilities, the performances have on the whole been respectable. The energy of the principal double-bass, a gentleman of the Hohenzollern-Hechingen orchestra, was too remarkable and amusing not to deserve notice. The conductor-in-chief was Herr Seifriz, the capellmeister in the orchestra just mentioned; he took the bâton in the place of Herr von Bülow, whose illness prevented his attendance.

It may be asked, What has art gained by the festival? I fear it must be answered nothing. Were the hearing of their works to bring self-knowledge to their authors, the gain would be worth the cost; but the present members of the School seem too blind to learn. Each encourages the other in self-delusion. Because some great works have been slow in making their way, therefore they seem to believe a work has only to be unsuccessful at first, and then it must be great.

That the School is declining in influence, seems evident. Rumors of internal dissension prevail; the gods seem about to leave their worshippers. The school has had its day. What amount of good it could do, has long since been done; now it is an element of almost unmixt mischief, and the sooner it expires, the better for art. Upon one point, however, I must guard myself against been misunderstood. The opinion is too general in England that the men of the New School are the only representatives of music in Germany. This is utterly untrue. They represent Schumann in all his worst characteristics, intensified by the still more disorganizing tendencies of Wagner and Liszt. But there is another body of earnest musicians, who, rejecting what is formless and un-beautiful in Schumann, work out the good impulses which he has given; fully recognizing the indispensability of form and science, they strive to reunite the seemingly diverging paths of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Reinecke, Bargiel, Brahms, Rubinstein, are among the names which have already won significance. Some of them have still to attain greater clearness of expression, a more positive feeling of the essential importance of beauty in a work of art. It is to them and their followers that we look with confidence in the future.

The only entirely gratifying remembrance connected with the Carlsruhe Festival is the appearance of Fräulein Topp and of Herr Popper; they have made themselves names which are certain of acquiring a wider fame.

To complete my report, I should add that papers on the following subjects were read:—Professor Eckhardt, "On the Future of Music, especially in reference to Church Music, Oratorio, and Opera." Herr von Arnold, "On the extension of the Cursus in Music Schools." Herr von Sseröf, "On the rôle of the key of D major, in the midst of C sharp minor, with reference to Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 131." Dr. Zopff, "On the influence of German Männergessang on the development of the people."

On looking over my report, I cannot but fear that the monotony of the ugliness of the music may have extended itself to it. I can only plead that the English language is not rich enough to express so many various shades of the word "ugly," without a constant repetition of the same term.

Wright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 29, 1864.

German Opera.

MR. GROVER has redeemed his promises. Especially has he disarmed even the most imaginary fear lest his enterprise, so bravely launched with excellent fidelity to Art, should wreck upon the dangerous rock of prosperity. Too many prosperous things degenerate in this and every country, falling off in those essential virtues which were the beginning of their prosperity. Especially has this been the case with Opera, as we have known it. Opera managers have seemed to be a class peculiarly affected with what von Weber, speaking of Meyerbeer in his younger days, called the "accursed desire of success." But here is a manager of another stamp. If he had not been, he would scarcely have selected the German Opera for his field, instead of the well advertised and fashionable one of the Italians. But he had faith in German music, believed in its superiority, its better wear, and loved it; and on an honest, generous plan he set to work to give us the best in that kind that was possible with a travelling company on this side of the Atlantic. And it is remarkable what rich materials, vocal, histrionic, and instru-

mental, he has been able to draw and hold together, and how well the combination will compare with famous Operas in German cities. Two tenors, whose equals we certainly did not hear in Berlin, Dresden or Vienna (we have not heard Niemann, nor Wachtel); two basses, Fornes and Hermanns, whose superiors (all things considered) we would not care to undertake to find in Europe; a soprano, Frederici, of such pure, fine individuality, and so simply beautiful in rôles congenial with her nature, that we cannot remember the like in the cities above mentioned to compare her with; two other prima donnas, Johannsen and Rotter, both possessing remarkable lyrical ability; uncommonly large and good provision for the secondary rôles; a splendid chorus and orchestra, and an excellent conductor:—nothing wanting, in fact, except a first-rate contralto and baritone, and even the latter is more than respectably supplied by Herr Lehmanns. The performances have, with few exceptions, the distinguishing virtue of Opera in Germany, that conscientious regard to all the minor parts, that perfection of *ensemble*, which the Italian Opera had never taught us to expect. Here at last, we have the musical work, the composer, held in as high respect as the singer. Here the main thing is not to display the pet prima donna, or renew the spoiled tenor's triumphs; but it is to bring out the beauty and the meaning of the best products of creative genius, of works like *Don Giovanni*, and *Fidelio*, and the *Freyschütz*, at the same time gratifying curiosity with newer, perhaps more ephemeral efforts.

We were in season to notice only, in our last, the first three pieces of the season. Already in the third, *Robert le Diable*, we saw we were not to be put off with cheap fulfilment, and that the management really meant to give us nothing short of the best within its power. Since then good signs have multiplied; Gretchen has had her own true Faust restored to her (if the public will still have these reproductions, it is only fair that the copy should preserve all the striking features of the original picture); Fornes has been cast in his fine old parts of Plunkett and of Caspar; the statue in *Don Juan* has been made a great part; the orchestra has been more careful;—and then, what a noble series of first-class works of genius has been presented! What an unexampled repertoire, for Boston, for America, has been unfolded! That second week must mark an era in our operatic history, as will be seen in our review, which we herewith resume.

4. Thursday night, Oct. 13. *Der Freyschütz*. The wierd charm of Weber's ever fresh, romantic music, with its wonderful reflection of the strife of good and evil, its alternate suggestion of overshadowing dark influences, gloomy forebodings, wild forest superstition, and of heavenly irradiations of light and love and hope (the one colored with strange, sombre tones of trombones, bassoons and the startling low reeds of the clarinet, with syncopated, agitated rhythm, &c., the other with the mellow warmth of horns, the human tenderness of the higher register of the clarinet, the bright ethereal flute, in simple, open, heart-felt strains, like "native wood notes wild")—this, and the exquisite impression left by the two performances last Spring, ensured a crowded, eager audience. Nor was there any disappointment. On

the contrary, the great weight of CARL FORMES, vocal and personal, was thrown in to replace the then weak, all-important part of Caspar. It was a grand impersonation of the satanic desperado. It lifted up the before faltering concerted music of the first act and put new life into it; and it filled up the charmed circle of the horrid incantation scene with magnetic force of character enough to make it really terrible in spite of the *diablerie* and fireworks. In spite of some damage to his voice, it still retains its weight and warmth and richness. If tremulous at times, and not getting a firm grasp on those emphatic high tones in his first great solo: *Triompf!* &c., yet his singing for the most part was as fine as his acting; how could the fierce drinking song be sung much better?

Mme. FREDERICI was quite as charming as before in Agathe; in fresh, refined quality of voice, in truth of intonation, chaste perfection and purity of style, and in simple, self-forgetting, serious consistency and charm of action, it realized the ideal of Weber's pure and pious maiden. Nothing more nearly holy has been felt in any theatre than her singing of the prayer: "*Leise, leise.*" We fancy we should have to go back to the fresh days of the Lind to find the equal of Frederici's Agathe. We could wish there were a little more of poetry, both of voice and manner, and of the whole nature, in the representative of the brighter member of that Minna and Brenda couple; one is troubled by the externality of all that little lady's prettiness and cleverness; yet there is no denying that Fräulein CANISSA does the part of the light-hearted Aennchen cleverly, her voice being at least bright and telling, her action lively, and her face—shining. Herr HABELMANN was in better condition for Max than he was in the Spring; besides its unflinching sweetness, his voice this time found power sufficient for the trying tenor passages; the great solo: "*Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen,*" and his part of the trio in the second act, were all that we could wish. Chorus and orchestra were remarkably good. We only missed the unction of the genial old stager who sang the little part of Kilian before, and a sufficiency of voice in the other small part of Kuno.

5. Friday. Halevy's "Jewess" (*Die Judinn*). An opera which never has possessed us much beyond the moment of actual listening to it, although it has many traits of masterly musicianship. Its chief hold on the hearer is dramatic; besides which it is spectacular, or it never would have been cradled in the Grand Opera of Paris; the melo-dramatic horror of the last (the execution) scene is peculiarly "sensational" and Frenchy; we can only look upon such things as monstrosities in Art. Therefore we did not look, but came away. There is a grand march and procession in "The Jewess" vastly superior to the much belabored and clap-trap one in *Faust*. The part of the Jew Eleazar is an eminently dramatic one, and Herr HIMMER, though he has not the great power and reach of voice which helped to make Stigelli memorable in that character, was admirably faithful and for the most part equal to its requirements. Mme. JOHANNSEN as the Jewess, and Mme. ROTTER as the Princess Eudoxia, both sang and acted with fine artistic skill and fervor. Their duet brought the house down, and it was indeed a fine triumph of double prima-donna-ship. HABELMANN was grateful to ear and eye in the

part of the prince; double primo-tenore-ship also! Herr HERMANNs furnished voice in plenty, and of rare quality, but not the right aspect and bearing for the Cardinal; the stern denunciation he declaimed was never in his look; the roguish twinkle would not leave his eye; you could not forget Mephistopheles and Falstaff. (By the way, will not Mr. Grover let us see the latter capital impersonation again, and hear Nicolai's sparkling music?)

6. Saturday afternoon. *Faust*, second time, and as before. We only make one note of encouragement: our audiences have left off encoring the brass band and soldiers' chorus; they have found out!

Here beginneth a new chapter, the era-making week referred to. Think of this list of operas in a single week: *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Die weisse Dame*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Robert le Diable!* and for the Sunday evening there was announced, but afterwards withdrawn on account of the great labor of rehearsing "so many heavy works," Mehul's very pleasing and touching little oratorio-opera, "Joseph and his Brethren," another French work which, like *La Dame Blanche*, has also taken in root in German soil,—an opera in which there are no female characters,—composed in 1807. We hope the project will come up again.

7. Monday, 17th. Mozart's *Don Juan*, it will be remembered, was about the least fortunate of this company's performances when they were here before. This time it went a great deal better, although much was lacking. The cast in several essential parts was new. Especially did the assumption of the Commendatore by HERMANNs give new life to the first scene, and a new dignity and grandeur to the finale. Never was there such a Statue,—here at least. How the ponderous petrifying tones rang out! Every note told; and the awful sublimity of the whole scene was doubly realized, thanks to that superb impersonation. Thanks also to the more natural behavior of the Leporello (FORMES), who, beginning with the usual buffoonery, soon sobered down at the appearance of the ghost. FORMES was most welcome in his old part. The new *Don Juan*, Herr OTTO LEHMANN, who made it his debut, was at least free from any offensive *gaucherie* or coarseness, so common in representations of the courtly, splendid *roué*; in person agreeable; in action also, although with too much betrayal of the effort to be easy; in voice musical and rich, and of fair power; artistic, without being of great mark, as a singer. The three manly voices made not only the Statue scene, but the trio in the first scene, unusually telling.

There was a new Zerlina too, Mlle. DZIUBA; considerably better than Canissa; pleasing in person, action, voice, and singing, but not to be named with our rare list of Zerlinas headed by Bosio and Sontag. Nor is Mme. JOHANNSEN's best worth seen in the part of Donna Anna; nor was she in voice that night for the great recitative and air: *Or sai, &c.* FREDERICI, of course, looked and sang sweetly as Elvira, but as she left out her great soliloquy: *Mi tradi* (too seldom sung), it was but a small part for her. HABELMANN sang all the tenor music of Ottavio admirably, and earned especial gratitude by introducing the exquisite aria: *Dalla sua pace*. Herr HIMMER filled but passably the not so very

small part of Masetto,—a part in which we have heard so great an artist as Ronconi. The chief fault of the performance was the somewhat more than usual want of completeness, consistency, and intelligibility of scenery and stage effect:—not to be wondered at with a change of piece each night.

The partial disappointment of a public so fond of *Don Giovanni* was doubtless due, in a greater measure than people themselves suspected, to the substitution of spoken dialogue for the old recitative (or rather, Italian *parlando*), and to missing the sound of the dear old Italian words, with which the melodic phrases have become to our ears so indissolubly wedded, that, until we get accustomed to the German, we scarcely feel at home for some time in the melodies themselves. With custom that will wear away.

8. Mozart again,—*Die Zauberflöte*. Most that we would say of the opera itself, we have told by extracts on another page. We ask attention, particularly, to the remarks of Oulibichef, who so tenderly identifies its noblest passages with Mozart's deepest personal experience. Two things must be borne in mind. First, that the plot, with all its frivolous absurdities, was dictated to Mozart by a Papageno buffoon of a manager. Secondly, that he composed it within a few months of his death, while he was also engaged on the *Requiem*. Hence, what we have always felt and more than once remarked, the singular identity of style and spirit between some of the grander music of the last act of the opera and that grand Mass. Indeed some pieces, before the trial scene, &c., are in the self-same vein with the *Requiem*. We agree with the *Times* writer, that the "Magic Flute" contains much of the noblest, much of the lightest, and some of the weakest music of Mozart's writing. But we do not agree that, as a whole, it is such an inferior opera. Inferior only to *Don Juan* and *Figaro*, say we. With those exceptions, we doubt if any opera of Mozart's contains so much that must remain forever admirable.

The story indeed is bewildering and silly, in one point of view. And yet, lit up with the Aladdin's lamp of Mozart's music, it may be made to read almost as well as some of the Arabian Nights' tales. Did not our good A. W. T. (the "Diarist") write it out for us once in this sense, and tell it for the children in these columns? The sillier parts (if you choose to call them so) abound in delicious music, such as haunts you afterwards and has haunted the general air since Mozart lived; some of the airs, like Tamino's: *Dies Bildniss (o cara immagine)* and Pamina's: *Ach! ich fühl' es ist verchwunden*, are almost unexampled for pure, sweet pathos and spiritual beauty. But when you come to the Priests' music, it is nearly all sublime. What made this opera tedious to many on that evening was, principally, the utter want of anything like proper scenery and stage effect; Grecian architecture, where Tamino stands in awe and wonder before the Egyptian columns of the temple of Isis, was but one of a host of misleading circumstances. And then the want of a suitable Pamina; that serious, tender, lovely role would seem made almost for Frederici; but Mme. ECKHARDT, who has ripened into quite a singer since her Museum days, gives no fair conception of Pamina.

These were the drawbacks. There were many

excellencies in the performance. Mme. ROTTER sang the florid, passionate, high-soaring airs of the Queen of Night in the most clear, neat, telling manner that we have heard since Lind. FORMES wore the autocratic priestly dignity of Sarastro superbly; and though his great tones shook in such sustained and trying arias as "*In diesen heil'gen Hallen*" like a big ship breasting a heavy sea, yet their richness (in spite of some acquired roughness), their essentially musical quality, and the intellectual power throughout the whole, made the impersonation worthy of his fame. Herr HIMMER, always noble in bearing, never looked more so than in the part of Tamino; and all his singing and his action, too, was manly, chaste and nobly satisfying. Herr GRAFF was by no means a bad Papageno, and the exquisite comedy of the duet with his Papagena (CANISSA) did not escape an encore. The "*drei Damen*," headed by Mlle DZIUBA, sang their fine trios very nicely; and the "*drei Knaben*," three boys, or Genii, of doubtful gender, but for their odd make-up, made a good impression; the contralto part so prominent in their beautiful trios was quite satisfactory. The orchestra played the wonderful overture right well. We still believe that, on repetition with proper attention to details, the "Magic Flute" will become popular.

9. *Die weisse Dame*.—Boieldieu's ever fresh, genial, and delightful *La Dame Blanche*. An un-failing favorite everywhere but here, where as a whole it was pretty much unknown, until it startled with new delight the small audience on one of the first nights of the German troupe last spring. This time it had a crowded audience, and it worked to a charm again. The music, from the perfect overture to the working up of "Robin Adair," all simple as it is, wears that bloom of genius which time cannot brush off; it is full of charming original ideas, and in form faultless, especially that overture, which is a model in its way; and yet the means employed are few and very simple; the result admirable. Herr HABELMANN won all hearts by graceful action and thoroughly musical and sweet, yet manly, singing of George Brown, a part which he may make almost as famous as Roger, having the advantage of the great French tenor in the freshness of his organ. The dash and *élan* of the soldier's song, the tender appeal to the mysterious "*holde Dame*;" and the exquisite rendering of "Robin Adair," may rank among the finest specimens that we have known of tenor singing. He was well supported by JOHANNSEN in the part of the White Lady. HERMANN again made an admirable Gaveston; and the parts of Jenny and Dickson were better filled than before by DZIUBA and LEHMANN. Chorus and ensemble excellent and full of life. Everybody acts in this troupe.

10. Thursday (the 12th) was the great night of the season. Beethoven's sublime and only opera, *Fidelio*, drew the largest and the finest audience of any opera yet. Is it not an era in the musical history of Boston, when we can truly say that such a work is popular? It made its mark decidedly in that first and only performance in the Spring. It was not for nothing that Boston ears have been made familiar for twenty-five years with the nine symphonies; not for nothing does the statue of the mighty master stand there in the Music Hall. Beethoven somehow speaks to the earnest heart and soul of this people as almost no other artist, whether in music or in other arts. And his *Fidelio* suits the temper of these times. It all appeals to the noblest, the purest, the heroic sentiments. It sings of captivity and patient

hope and glorious deliverance through a wife's heroic and sublime devotion. Its keynote is *Freiheit*—universal Liberty—the aspiration for which and the godlike struggle with opposing fates, is felt throughout all Beethoven's music. And it illustrates and in the end celebrates, in a great hymn of praise, the excellence of Woman! Such sincere, true expression of passion and every feeling from the tenderest to the noblest, is as refreshing as it is engrossing to minds so long accustomed only to Italian Opera, and to hearing the Italian music called peculiarly the language of feeling and of passion. Talk no more of these great German works as only "classical" and cold and scientific and elaborate. *Fidelio* has taught you what true feeling, what grand passion is. And seek no longer to set apart the great instrumental musician, as only a master in the realm of abstract music, but not master of the human tones. Does not the orchestra all through *Fidelio* mightily throb and heave in perfect vital sympathy with voice and action? How spell-bound you listened, heart and soul, to that great overture (*Leonore*, No. 3), which, being introduced thus after the prison scene, from which it derives its motives, was for the first time understood by hundreds who had often heard it in concerts! Was it not the drama over again, still more divinely idealized, reflected in its essence? Was ever overture so listened to and so applauded in an American theatre before? And had you not that night a revelation of what a great power in an Opera the Orchestra may be—a power such as even Meyerbeer and Gounod have only built around it on the outside, not developed with germinal creative power from within, song and accompaniment leaping whole, Minerva-like, out of one inspiration of the brain of genius.

But we have said our say about this opera before now more fully than we have need or room to do it now. We will only say that it gained immensely in favor by this repetition (and still more the second one last Wednesday night): and that the manner in which it was performed justified the fine result. It went more smoothly than last Spring, and indeed vastly better than could have been expected in this country. The orchestra was admirable; a greater body of strings being the main desideratum. In that great *crescendo* near the end of the *Leonora* overture, where the struggling violins reinforced each other one by one, they come in by tens in the great orchestras abroad; the want of mass and breadth of violin, viola and 'cello tone is always felt here; but Herr ANSCHUTZ has the best orchestra possible under the circumstances. Mme. JOHANNSEN, despite all her wear of voice, has fairly earned very great respect by her fine impersonation of *Fidelio*. It is her great part, and in it she catches the inspirations of the music and the subject. She seems to have that true lyric instinct which lifts her above herself and enables her to cope with the most arduous difficulties. Her great scene: "*Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin*," with its outburst of horror at what she has overheard, with its gentler visitings of hope, and its heroic glorious determination, took the full sympathy of her audience. Herr HIMMER sang and acted Florestan most feelingly and nobly, the prisoner's first soliloquy and dream of deliverance, his strain of gratitude for the first signs of human kindness, his part in the breathless duet: "*O namen-namenlose Freude*," were all admirable. Herr STEINICKE had more weight of voice, more power of action for the angry, vengeful music

of Pizarro, than Herr LEHMANN, who took it in the last performance; but the latter's voice is clearer and more musical. HERMANN could hardly be surpassed as the old jailor, Rocco. The pretty parts of Jaquino and Marcellina, and the slight streak of humor which they carry through the sombre play, were well represented by HABELMANN and CANISSA; but the latter is a part which requires a much finer voice and singer. The wonderful choruses of the prisoners, greeting and bidding farewell to the open air and daylight, were well sung. The quartet in the first scene had its encore again, going in better tune the second time, but filling the listener with new surprise and joy on the last as much as on the first hearing.

No opera within the means of this troupe deserves so many repetitions as *Fidelio*; no one is now so sure of the largest and best sort of audience. The enterprise, expense and labor already involved in promised novelties, "heavy operas," like *Tannhäuser*, *Mireille*, &c., are creditable to the manager; but we believe that most people would willingly postpone those experiments rather than relax their hold upon such sure gain as *Fidelio*. And there be other fine things, much more easily commanded, which lovers of German music would be much more glad to hear: Mozart's *Figaro* for instance.

11—15. The remaining operas, to this time of writing, have been repetitions; namely: *Der Freyschütz*, *Robert*, *Martha* (with Formes as Plunkett, Himmer as Lionel, and Dziuba as Nancy), *Faust* (3d time, with Himmer in his old part), and *Fidelio* (2nd time) on Wednesday; and splendid houses always. For the remainder of the week; the *Dame Blanche* again, *The Huguenots* (first time), and this afternoon *Der Freyschütz*.

Great Organ Record.

We have been forced to let a long arraignment of organ concerts run up against us. The Wednesday and Saturday "noonings" are still kept up successfully, although the audiences, no longer swollen by the stream of summer travel, have shrunk to their usual size. The interest, however, still increases. Within a few weeks regular Sunday evening concerts have also been commenced. Of these programmes are of course not quite so light and miscellaneous as the others. In these Mr. JOHN K. PAINE properly led off with the following excellent programme, and never has he seemed more master of himself and instrument:

Fantasia in A minor.....	Thiele
Sonata in A major.....	Ritter
Religious Offering.....	J.K. Paine
Passacaglia.....	Bach
Variations on the "Austrian Hymn".....	J. K. Paine
Reverie—Song of the Silent Land.....	J. K. Paine
Choral Variation—Christ our Lord to Jordan came.....	Bach
Andante from the Organ Sonata in A.....	Mendelssohn
Fugue in G minor.....	Bach

Mrs. FROHOCK followed, on the 16th, showing excellent skill in a Fantasia on *Ein feste Burg*, by Schellenberg; an adagio by Mozart; Mendelssohn's 4th Sonata; a slow movement from one of Haydn's Symphonies (showing fine tact in registration); variations on a Russian Hymn, by Freyer; a Song by Franz (*Die Lotosblume*), which sang particularly well upon the Vox Humana; the Andante to the 5th Symphony, conscientiously transcribed but not yet quite smooth in the execution; and Bach's Toccata in F.

Last Sunday Dr. TUCKERMAN played a rich variety of selections from Palestrina, Handel, Haydn, Zipoli (16th century), Beethoven (andante of Kreutzer Sonata), Weber, Franz and Heise. The attendance was large.

Of the "noonings," from Sept. 17 to this time, three have been given by Mr. LANG, who has played each time a Prelude and Fugue by Bach; a Fugue on B, A, C, H, by Schumann; transcriptions of overtures (*Dinorah* being the newest); pieces from Handel's Oratorios and Mendelssohn's Sonatas, &c. This gentleman has carefully abstained thus far from the French *Offertories*.—Two have been by Mrs. FROHOCK; a new and lively Toccata in C, by Bach; Fantasia in C minor, by Heise; transcriptions from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber; a charming *Idyl* for Vox Humana, by Lysberg; *Offertories* by Battiste and Wely;—Three by Mr. THAYER: Grand Toccata in D minor, *Passapied* in E (first time), Andante and Allegro from Sonata in E minor, all by Bach; *Passacaglia* by Handel; overtures, *offertories* concert variations, &c. One each, by Messrs. WILLCOX, WHITING, D. PAINE and CARTER.

Mr. HENRY SCHRIMPFF, having returned from Europe, has resumed his teaching of the piano-forte and music generally. We hear good accounts from his pupils.

NEW YORK, OCT. 24.—The Italian Opera at the present time, enjoys a monopoly; for, with the exception of an occasional performance at Irving Hall, and the afternoon rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society, it is the only entertainment of a musical nature in the city. It is not easy to account for this great falling-off of concerts, unless upon the supposition that musicians have become entangled in the toils of politicians and contractors, and are too busily engaged in these new professions, to care much about the "dear public" for whom they have so often catered; or perhaps the last draft was too strong for them, and carried them off, voiceless conscripts.

Unaccountable as it may be, it is none the less a fact, that there was never so great a musical dearth as at the present time. Gottschalk, Sanderson, Castle, Campbell, Thomas, D' Angri, and the whole host of concert artists, whose memory (and old concert bills) still linger around the quiet aisles of Irving Hall, are strangely quiet, and bid fair to remain so, from all that can be learned. It is true that Mme. D' ANGRI and CASTLE and CAMPBELL have been singing an occasional ballad at a series of "gift concerts," given by the "Jewelers' Association," but aside from this their voices have not been heard.

THEO. THOMAS's popular, but pecuniarily unprofitable matinees will not be resumed before January next. He intends giving a series of grand orchestral concerts at Irving Hall. SANDERSON soon sails for Cuba, where he is a great favorite. GOTTSCHALK, who is soon going to Mexico, is still visible, with an appendage, which the following letter, lately received by him, will explain.

"Royal Palace of Madrid, 16th Sept. 1864.—Dear Sir: Her Majesty, the Queen, has deigned to sign this morning a decree, by which you are made a Knight of the Most Noble Royal Order of Charles the Third. I will have the honor of remitting you very soon the insignia of your new dignity. Meanwhile I beg to say that I am really happy to be on this occasion the interpreter of Her Majesty's flattering sentiments towards you. May God spare you many years! With respect, Your servant, His Excellency the Minister of State, Pacheco."

With this preliminary gossip, let me return to the doings of the Maretzek company since my last. The fact that the new artists had had but one rehearsal together, prior to their debut,—a most unfortunate circumstance for artists so little known to one another—resulted in great leniency in criticism; but the roughness and uncertainty consequent upon such a circumstance has completely worn off, and every thing passes smoothly and with great satisfaction. Artists, like operas, require acquaintance, with which they may or may not improve. In the present instance the improvement has been very perceptible, and the success of the season placed above doubt. As yet the promise of novelties has not been fulfilled, and we have been listening to the strains of operas, that have become as familiar as household words. The carefulness and correctness of their rendition, however, has made them welcome, even if lacking the charm of freshness.

Since my last, Maretzek has given us Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, with CAROZZI-ZUCCHI, MASSIMILIANI, BELLINI, BRAMBILLA, and the debut of Mlle. FRIDA DE GEBELE as Ulrica. This new artist is a lady of great promise, possessing a powerful voice;—some one has criticized her as "possessing a ponderous voice, and an insufficient command of it." The role of Ulrica is not favorable to a debutante, for it lacks any definite air or melody that an artist can use to advantage, and its grotesque "make-up" robs it of any personal charm. In a more congenial role Mlle. de Gebele will undoubtedly form an acceptable artist.

Lucresia Borgia, with ZUCCHI, MORENSI, LOTTI, SUSINI and WEINLICH, was very finely rendered.

Faust introduced the favorite of last year, the charming Marguerite, CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, and although there was marked comparison between the artists of last year and this, in the roles of Faustus and Mephistopheles—MAZZOLINI as compared with LOTTI, HERMANN with SUSINI—still the performance was very fine.

Poliuto has been the great success of the season, and will undoubtedly be repeated at an early day. Its cast embraces ZUCCHI, MASSIMILIANI, BELLINI and WEINLICH, and they all interpreted their respective roles in the most satisfactory manner.

To-night we are to have *Martha*, with Kellogg, Morensi, Lotti and Susini; Tuesday *Poliuto*; Wednesday *Faust*; Thursday *Poliuto* in Brooklyn; Friday *Don Giovanni*, and Saturday a matinee. Next week *Robert the Devil* will be revived. The following (election) week, the opera house will be closed, to be re-opened on the 10th November with *Don Sebastian*, which will unite the attraction, of the spectacular and lyric drama.

Verdi's *Forza del Destino* will be the next novelty; but *Mirella* will be postponed until after its production by the German troupe, the Italians waiting to be sure of its success before presenting it themselves. Maretzek will make strenuous efforts to make opera permanent in New York, as he is tired of roaming around the country in "wandering minstrel" style.

T. W. M.

To the foregoing letter we append—presuming that our opera-going friends read French—the following from *Le Messenger Franco-Americain*, published in New York:

ACADEMIE DE MUSIQUE. Croira-t-on qu'à propos de ce titre: *Opera Italien*, à la représentation d'avant-hier soir, à l'Académie de Musique, mon voisin de stalle, vieil abonné dont j'estime en ne peut plus et le jugement solide et l'excellente jumelle, me demanda tout d'un coup:—Monsieur, pourquoi cela s'appelle-t-il un opéra italien?—Mais probablement, lui dis-je, parce qu'on y donne des opéras italiens.—*Faust*, *Don Sebastian*, les *Huguenots*, le *Prophète*, *Fra Diavolo*, etc, sont-ce là vos opéras italiens?—Alors parce que ces opéras y sont chantés par des chanteurs italiens.—Bah! écoutez ceci,—et tirant de sa poche la liste des artistes qui composent la troupe de Maretzek:

Mlle. Laura Harris, américaine.
Morensi, do.
F. de Gebele, do.
Van Zandt, do.
De Motte, do.
MM. Lotti, allemand.
Weinlich, do.
Müller, do.
Reichart, do.

—Ma foi, répondis-je à bout d'arguments, vous admettez toujours qu'on y chante en Italien?
Mon vieil abonné se mit à rire en me montrant M. Weinlich qui chantait l'air d'entrée du 1^{er} acte du *Trovatore*, et nous en restâmes là.

PHILADELPHIA.—A concert was lately given, at the Musical Fund Hall, by Mme. WHITING-LORINI and Messrs. STEFANI, TESTA and AMADIO, who have been on a successful operatic tour in the West. *The Bulletin*, says:

The First Grand Concert under the auspices of the New York Jeweller's Association will be given on Saturday evening at the Academy of Music. Mr. Gottschalk, the great pianist, is engaged, his performance at these concerts being the last he will give before he departs for Europe. Mrs. Behrens and an orchestra led by Mr. Bergfeld, are also engaged.

MESSRS. CROSS and JARVIS have issued their annual advertisement of a series of four classical soirées, to be given in the Foyer of the Academy of Music. The great success of the former seasons and the growing love for music of a high character make it certain that there will be a large attendance of the best connoisseurs.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLASSICAL QUINTETTE CLUB is a new association formed by Messrs. Carl Gaertner, Charles H. Jarvis, M. H. Cross, C. Piageman, and Charles H. Schmitz. Their intention is to give a series of classical matinees in the Assembly Buildings. They will be given weekly at 3 P. M., on Wednesdays, beginning on the 16th of November.

THE GERMANIA ORCHESTRA held their annual election on Monday last. The following officers were chosen: John Grenn, President; C. Schmitz, Leader; A. Schmitz, Secretary; G. Bastert, treasurer; C. Reinhard, G. Mueller and C. Boettger, standing committee. All engagements and all business of the orchestra must be negotiated with the standing committee. The time for beginning the Saturday afternoon rehearsals, for the coming season has not been determined on.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O could I see my father! Song and Chorus.

J. W. Turner. 30

The mothers of our soldiers have more than their share of praise. There are many loving, tender hearted, patriotic fathers as well, who have felt that they risked far more than all their worldly goods, in sending their sons to the field. Mr. Turner has done well in remembering them in this fine ballad.

Stick Together. Patriotic Song. R. Culver. 30

A patriotic sentiment. *E Pluribus Unum*, set to appropriate music.

Union Soldier's Battle Song. R. Culver. 30

Will do to go with the other.

Thirty years ago. Song. Anne Fricker. 30

A reminiscence of old times. Pretty.

Morning Service in C. S. P. Tuckermann. \$1.00

Stately and church like. The author's name is sufficient to warrant its sterling goodness.

Instrumental Music.

Eugenia. Valse brilliant. E. Gilbert. 30

Quite original and brilliant. A good show piece for those who wish to please their friends, and not difficult.

Little spring song. (Quellenliedchen) Salon Studio. Carl Hering. 30

A charming little study, which might be introduced to young players by the title of "What the brook said," for it prattles off its music as prettily as a rivulet sings along its pebbly path. Easy and useful.

Faust, by Gounod; (Revue melodique). 4 hands.

F. Beyer. 75

A brilliant and not difficult arrangement.

Ever merry mazourka. S. B. Whitney. 30

Light and "merry."

Books.

FAUST; a Lyric Drama in Five acts, by C. Gounod. Adapted to English and Italian words, and revised from the full score, with indications of the instrumentation. \$4.00

Those who wish to enjoy the opera at home, have now an opportunity. The book is well got up, the argument is well written, a good story by itself, and much of the music is quite within the reach of home singers. The indications of instrumentation are of value, as leading the mind to the charming orchestral effects which are so common throughout the composition.

A NEW MANUAL OF THOROUGH BASS, AND TEXT BOOK OF MUSICAL THEORY. By Edward B. Oliver. Cloth, 67; Boards. 50

Mr. Oliver has done well by his fellow teachers in bringing out this small, but very comprehensive text book of the theory of music.

In this country, there are not many who wish to go through the whole course of harmony, as studied by the great composers. But there is a large and increasing number who desire to go through a thorough short course, so that they shall understand the great principles, and be able to compose common music well. This is a capital book for this class. It is arranged with questions and answers like a catechism, and is easily taught from.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

